

The Liberalist

PUBLISHED BY THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO

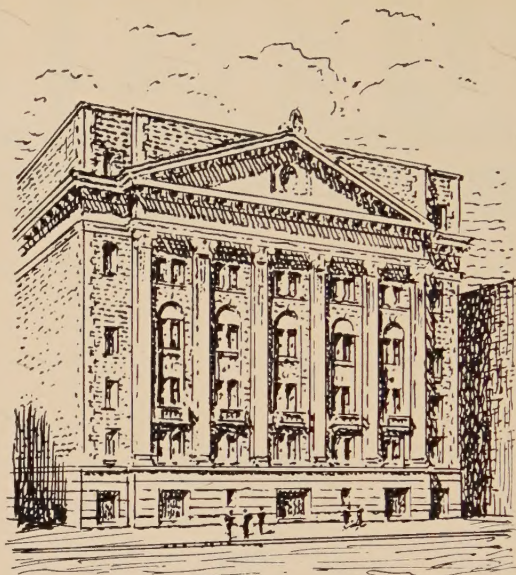


True Freedom

'Tis not in blood that Liberty inscribes her civil laws.
She writes them on the people's hearts in language clear and plain;
True thoughts have moved the world before, *and so they shall again.*
We yield to none in earnest love of freedom's cause sublime;
We join the cry "Fraternity!" we keep the march of Time.

—Charles Mackay

(From Thomas Curtis Clark's Anthology "The New Patriotism.")



THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO
Lawrence Ave. at Sheridan Road

This Church was founded July 7, 1912, as a liberal independent church. It united with the American Unitarian Association, Western Unitarian Conference and National Federation of Religious Liberals in 1923. Property purchased for new building 1924. Ground broken June 14, 1925. Corner stone laid November 15, 1925. Church dedicated October 10, 1926. Preston Bradley has been the Pastor from the beginning of the Church.

Declaration of Principles

"The purpose of the church is to deal in plain terms with the supreme things in human life as measured by the rational conclusions of science and history. It seeks to promote a conception of nature, history and the meaning of life in accordance with the facts of experience and with the progress of growing knowledge. It is essentially religious, not in the traditional but in the scientific and ethical sense of the word. It regards religion as spiritual energy directing itself toward the enrichment of the individual life and the perfection of the social order. This church assumes the right of every one to think his or her own thoughts, and expects the greatest progress to follow from entire intellectual liberty and perfect freedom of judgment. It welcomes to its membership all who wish to co-operate in making a world which shall be enlightened by knowledge, guided by reason and animated by good-will."

The Liberalist

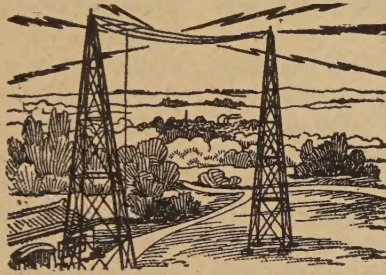
PRESTON BRADLEY, Editor
GRACE THAYER BRADLEY, Associate Editor



Volume XXIII

July, 1946

Number 4



Dr. Bradley's Summer Radio Schedule

During the summer Dr. Bradley will be heard by electrical
transcription

Every Sunday
11:00 to 11:15 a. m. - WJJD

Dr. Bradley will be in Europe this summer and will make three
trans-Atlantic broadcasts

See page 24 for Peoples Church Activities.
The Church Office will remain open during the summer.

"WHAT CAN YOUTH DO?"

SERMON BY DR. PRESTON BRADLEY
Pastor of The Peoples Church of Chicago

FOR many evenings now I have been giving commencement addresses to the High Schools scattered about the country and at this time of the year I always use this Sunday, and have for many years, in talking more specifically to the young people who are being graduated from our High Schools and colleges at this season of the year.

It seems that each year the challenge becomes greater. When I first started giving commencement addresses to youngsters many, many years ago—commencement speakers had a very easy task and it was with great facility one could fall into the general pattern and tradition of giving advice and pointing out opportunities with the usual platitudinous and bromidic sentences that were a part, always of commencement addresses. There was a time when I could turn to the class in a school and say, "Now, young people, remember, you are in a country where a patent medicine peddler can become a John D. Rockefeller." Or I could say to the boys in the class, "Now do your work well no matter how menial the task, and just remember, that Andrew Carnegie was at one time an iron puddler, so, if you just work hard, though you may start in a very lowly place you may become an Andrew Carnegie." I could do that; that was the tradition. I think if I should do that these days some fine, bright-eyed, tall American lad would look at me and say, "Doctor Bradley, how do you get that way?" I don't think it would be quite as impressive as it might have been in those far-off years when we had a different world, and a dif-

ferent nation, and a different people.

I am getting to the place in my life and in my ministry where I feel so deeply the critical character of our immediate decisions that I think it is time for some very plain speaking. We are going to make some decisions in this country in the next four or five years and they are going to be the most important decisions that we will ever make, and do you know the one thing that I cannot understand? I have been dealing with human nature so long trying to study people, observe people, familiarize myself with the motivations and imperatives of people, but there is one thing I just cannot understand about us in this hour, I cannot fathom it, it constitutes for me a very definite challenge.

I can understand the economic and industrial reactions that come always from that destructive institution of war; I expected all that, all this economic disturbance and industrial upheaval. I knew that was all coming, that has not surprised me at all, I have been planning for that. I would have been very much surprised if it had not happened. I can understand so much of all this international scene; I can understand how deeply rooted and imbedded in the human spirit are racial loyalties and how people are so deeply rooted into the soil of their native land that the geographical importance of one's own home becomes a great factor in one's international concepts—I can understand all that; I can understand all these problems, but there is one thing I cannot understand and it increases my difficulty with the matter. I cannot understand the complacency

of the American people—that I cannot understand, as a nation facing what virtually is a revolutionary upheaval of certain basic concepts of government! You see, this is not a war we are in, war is one thing, and we have not only had a war and we have not only been through a war, but we are in a revolution! It is not going to begin, it has started! This was not only war, it was revolution, and right in the midst of a moment like this the complacency of people is beyond me! As though the most important thing in the world is a new automobile, and a T-bone steak, and security! And we see and we hear the low reverberations of an ever increasing disturbed economy in which we will gradually witness the complete disintegration of the American dollar, for instance, in the unfolding inflation which we are in. We are not going into inflation, ladies and gentlemen, it is not something to look forward to, *WE ARE IN IT*, it has arrived, we are in it, and the end is not yet!

Now, I am going to say, in the light of the problem suggested by youth, what I think youth can do that perhaps you won't like, but I am not going to worry too much about that. The pathetic, aye, the tragic thing is that you and I believed that with the cessation of hostilities and the stopping of the shooting, immediately we could, by some miracle, recapture the status quo that we knew before the war, and we thought immediately everything would be over, everything would be all right. We celebrated, "The war is over, now everything is fine, the goose hangs high, America again, here we go." We thought that it would all happen over night, that we would be right back to where we were in 1938, in the beginning of '39, and everything would be our way again, and America would go on,—and what happened? Immediate-

ly every group in American national life began to emphasize their part of the spoils, and immediately we started in an economic and industrial upset when individual groups in an economic society said, "Now is the time for me to get mine!" We started cashing in on shed blood, and it is a dangerous hour in the life of a nation when it starts to do that! So, everybody said, "I am going to get mine." Labor said, "I want more money," and Capital said, "I want more profits," Agriculture said this, miners said that, musicians said something else, and we broke up into segments of the whole economic and industrial community and said, "Let's get it! I want my share." We reacted identically as the allied nations did who won the victory from a military point of view—the same thing happened to nations, each one of them said, "Now the spoils, we won the war now we are going to get the spoils of war," and Russia said that, Britain said this, France said that and the United States this, and the nations of the world said, "We are going to get our share," and the individuals in the countries of the world said, "Now, we are going to get our share," and what has it done to us all? Peace is farther away from the world today than it has been since the war. The economic and industrial situation of this American nation has has got every important financier of the country worried and walking the floor, and the whole nation is worried, and the whole world is worried, and about the only thing we can talk about is the next war!

Now, what has youth got to say about this? I stood the other night on the platform in the auditorium of a High School and saw several hundred young men and women walk down the aisles to take their places back of me on the platform, with their caps and

gowns, and they were beautifully tall and fine. I turned to the Superintendent of that school who sat beside me and said to him, "What is the biggest problem you have with these graduates—what is the real problem?" He looked at me and said, "Doctor Bradley, there is only one problem, just one. I will let you find it for yourself." I said, "What do you mean by that?" "I shall not tell you, but after the commencement is over and when the class are receiving their parents' and friends' congratulations, I want you to step up to any one of these young men in the class and ask him."

After graduation was over, I picked out a young man and walked up to him and said, "Young man, what is the biggest problem in your life? This is your graduation day, you have graduated from High School, what is worrying you, what is your biggest problem?" Quick as a flash that youngster turned to me and said, "Doctor Bradley, there is something rotten about the whole situation and we graduates are certain of only one thing about our future and that is to put on a uniform and be killed!" That's what the young men of America in High Schools and colleges are thinking today. One by one they are saying to me, "What is the use of my planning and dreaming, or even being decent—Eat, drink and be merry—for what? — tomorrow ye shall die."

The greatest danger before the youth of America today is the frustration and reaction that is coming to them that, apparently, the only thing that these diplomats, and prime ministers, and presidents, and foreign ministers, who sit around green covered tables of the world's diplomacy, are able to achieve is to get themselves into a blind alley, and when they get into a blind alley and cannot get themselves out then they have to fan the world into a war

and they go to the youth of the world and say to them, "Well, we are stuck again, we cannot decide what the boundary should be, whether here or there; we cannot decide which country should own this city, and so we have got Russia on our hands and the imperialism of Britain. We sit down here at a table and don't know what to do about it, we are stuck, we are stymied."

Then there has to be some reason for starting a war, and the propaganda begins and the propagandists begin to look for a scapegoat, so it is the Roman Catholics, the Jews, the Negroes, England or Russia!

I meet people every day who say to me, "Oh, Doctor Bradley, I believe in peace, I want peace, how I believe in peace, but I will tell you, you will have to watch Russia!" Oh, I meet people every day who say to me, "I believe in peace all right, but watch Britain, watch Great Britain." . . . watch somebody; Catholics, Jews, Negroes! *YOU DON'T BELIEVE IN PEACE AT ALL, YOU HAVEN'T GOT COURAGE ENOUGH TO BELIEVE IN PEACE—YOU ARE HYPOCRITES, YOU DON'T BELIEVE IN PEACE!* Why, if the people of the world and the people of the nation *really* believed in peace, what would they do? They would do the things that would bring peace. What is that? Understanding and co-operation with our fellowmen. You would stop lying about them, you would stop hating them, you would stop supporting organizations that promulgate racial hatreds and international discord! You would stop supporting demagogues and tyrants! You don't believe in peace. You think you do, but you don't.

Now, I think the young men and young people of America believe in peace and there is every indication of it in the organization among the young

people in almost every institution I know, and every time I meet them they are thinking more constructively and basically how to create a world peace than all the people I know who are over fifty in the United States of America! In other words, the youth of America are about fifty years ahead of most other Americans! Some of you older people don't like that. You put it in your pipe and smoke it, whether you like it or not. The fact of the matter is that the young men of America are just getting tired of having the old diplomacy and the old type of international relationships maneuver them into another war—and why shouldn't they be? If the young people are to be the ones to be killed in the war, why have they not the right to say something about what the war will be about and when it will take place? *YOU HAVE GOT EVERY RIGHT IN THE WORLD, YOU YOUNG HIGH SCHOOL AND COLLEGE STUDENTS HERE OR LISTENING TO ME! WHY SHOULD YOU ALWAYS BE COMPELLED TO WAIT UNTIL THESE DIPLOMATS AND SO-CALLED STATESMEN, AND PEANUT POLITICIANS GET THE WORLD INTO A MESS, AND THEN THEY BEGIN TO DRAW THE RED HERRING ACROSS THE HORIZON OF OUR NATIONAL IDEALISM! I DON'T CARE WHETHER THE CITY OF TRIESTE BELONGS TO YUGO SLAVIA OR ITALY* — I know the whole city is not worth one single drop of red blood of an American boy today, and yet, there they sit. What about that river, what about these spheres of influence—they call them "spheres of influence" now, that is the new fangled word for you, "spheres of influence," and they keep on going, going, until they get stymied and stuck and cannot get out, and then they cry out

to the youth of the world, "National Sovereignty!" and we are at it again, wading in blood up to our necks; away we go!

That's the challenge to the youth of America! You can do something about it! Why should these men be accepted as final? After all, who are they? When you come right down to it, who is Molotov? When you come right down to it, who is Edward R. Stettinius and Anthony Eden? Who are these men? When you come right down to it they are the products of the countries back of them. Alright. If they cannot do the job and build a world of peace, get rid of them and get somebody in who can! You don't have to sit and take it! There is something finer for you young men than to be killed at twenty! Now, they haven't anything before you but a uniform at eighteen or twenty. Oh, there is something finer for you than that! Don't accept it as final—you can do something, and the only thing that worries me is not your morals, I don't worry about them. Let all the old maids of both sexes talk about the morals of youth, I am not worried. You are not listening to a preacher who says that. I hear them on the air talking about "Young people are bad, young people are going to hell!" They said that about some young men once, and when they went to hell it was the hell on earth created by their elders so they had to wade through hell on the beaches of Casa Blanca and all the way through New Guinea back to Batavia and Corregidor and over to Tokyo and Wilhelmstrasse! That's the hell that the young people of America went through, and the young people of America ought to say that there shall be no more hell like that in this world! That's the hell! Don't you worry about the young people going to hell, *THERE ARE A LOT OF*

YOU FOLKS THAT WOULD HAVE BEEN THERE A LONG TIME AGO IF THE YOUNG PEOPLE HAD NOT SAVED YOU FROM IT! I am not worried about them or their morals, except I am worried about their sense of frustration when they look at me and say, "What can we do, Doctor Bradley?" Our college students and young people everywhere are saying, "Doctor Bradley, what can we do about it?"

Get out and organize your town, get out and organize the block in which you live, get active in politics, industry and economics, become active, don't stand and take it on the chin! *MAKE YOUR VOICE HEARD, MAKE YOUR INFLUENCE FELT, AND THE YOUTH OF THIS GENERATION MIGHT LEAD THE WORLD ON THE HIGHWAY OF PEACE AGAIN!*

That's my message.

YOUTH!

Youth is not a time of life—it is a state of mind. It is not a matter of ripe cheeks, red lips and supple knees; it is a temper of the will, a quality of the imagination, a vigor of the emotions; it is a freshness of the deep springs of life.

Youth means a temperamental predominance of courage over timidity, of the appetite for adventure over love of ease. This often exists in a man of fifty more than in a boy of twenty. Nobody grows old by merely living a number of years. Years wrinkle the skin, but to give up enthusiasm wrinkles the soul. Worry, doubt, self-distrust, fear and despair—these are the long, long years that bow the head and turn the growing spirit back to dust.

Whether seventeen or sixty there is in every being's heart the love of won-

der, the sweet amazement at the stars and the starlight things and thoughts, the undaunted challenge of events, the unfailing childlike appetite for what next and the joy and the game of life.

You are as young as your faith, as old as your doubt; as young as your self-confidence, as old as your fear; as young as your hope, as old as your despair.

In the central place in your heart there is a wireless station; so long as it receives messages of beauty, courage, grandeur and power from the earth, from men and from the Infinite, so long you are young. When the wires are all down and all the central places of your heart is covered with the snows of pessimism and the ice of cynicism, then you are grown old—and may God have mercy on your soul!

Anon.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

Have you changed your address? The church office would greatly appreciate your cooperation in keeping its mailing list up to date. There are other changes, too, such as the change of name when a marriage occurs. Sometimes mail goes astray because Miss So-and-So presumes of course that the church office knows all about it when she marries and becomes Mrs. So-and-So and changes her address. Kindly cooperate and keep the record straight. Thank you!

May H. Harrison, Secretary, The Peoples Church.
941 Lawrence Ave., Chicago 40, Ill.

The Liberalist

FREEDOM—FELLOWSHIP—CHARACTER

PRESTON BRADLEY, LL.D., D.D.....Editor
GRACE THAYER BRADLEY.....Associate Editor
MAY H. HARRISON.....Business Manager

ONE DOLLAR AND FIFTY CENTS A YEAR—FIFTEEN CENTS PER COPY

Published on the First Day of the Month

Address All Communications to

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WE assume no responsibility for unsolicited manuscripts, articles or poems.

EDITORIAL

I AM going to begin this editorial with a bit of pure fantasy, and after you have read it, I am sure you will conclude it is fantastic as well. Let us suppose that Hitler and Mussolini are alive. Let us place them, not in some spot on this earth, not hidden away in the interior of some nation, or secreted in some city hideout, but let us think of them as being far away, out of the world entirely, but able to look down today upon this earth. I do not want anyone to think that this indicates that I think either one of them could possibly be in a high or comfortable place—quite the contrary—but for my purposes, let us think of them as being able to see and to know everything which is going on on this earth. How do you suppose they feel? What do you think are their reactions? Let us recall for a moment two things which these men said once, during their early career as brigands and tyrants. First, let us listen again to some words of Mussolini. They were uttered in Berlin. He was cheered until the very skies seemed to shake with the vociferous expressions of approval of thousands who listened. This is what he said: "The

weak, degenerate democracies of the earth are too corrupt and rotten on the inside to ever win the war, and if they should win, they'll fight each other for the spoils." And not long after, Hitler, in his raucous screeching, shouted to the world: "If the democracies should win this war, they can never make a lasting peace, for they are all dominated by their own selfish interests and will lose the victory by fighting and quarreling and destroying themselves."

Now, the question I want to ask you is,—“How right were Mussolini and Hitler?” “What do they see today, as they look down upon this earth?”—How these words must come back to them, and one can almost imagine their faces wreathed in Satanic laughter. Just look at this world in this hour! Look at ourselves! and the situation that we are in. How highly gratified must be those who have believed, deep in their hearts, though sometimes their lips have not spoken the words, that all our hopes and dreams for this bright new world were just haunting nightmares; that they never could be realized, and that every good and decent and beautiful thing would fall crashing

about our feet in a tragic jumble of failure, ugliness and despair. Here we are, more than a year after the day when the guns were silenced in Europe, and nearly a year since the last blast of fire blazed forth in the Pacific, and we are farther away from a world of peace, understanding and cooperation than we have ever been in my lifetime.

If one were to stop here and say no more, the feeling of disillusionment in our hearts would make even life itself an ugly and a brutal thing. But fortunately He who dreams of this better world is never robbed of the dream. The indestructibility of the ideal is ever before His vision, for He knows that evil men and evil nations and evil principles and evil organizations—He knows that EVIL can never have a permanent victory over GOOD, and that evil will do now what it has always done in the history of nations and the history of men—create its own destruction finally. That inexorable law, which cannot be abrogated or rescinded is still with us.

I heard one of the most distinguished of all the scientists who have been working in this field of electronic energy say that he believed we had only about five years left to create an integrating and cooperating world. Obviously he is only guessing, but like all who guess, the guess may be right. It may be even that we have less than five years to do this task, until such a catastrophic setback may come that we will be a thousand years climbing back again to the heights from which we can see the world that ought to be, and the world which we could build. And the old, old truth comes thundering out of the pages of sacred writ to my ears now, as I say these words—"A thousand years in thy sight are but as a day."

Truth and decency and peace can wait, but the tragedy is that what you and I do and the nations do, may pro-

long unnecessarily the dawn of this more livable world. People who have heard me long and often and who are familiar with my traditional attitude of believing in ideals and in peace, are saying to me as I meet them now, "Well, what do you think about it now? What has become of your hopes? Where are your dreams?" Well, my dreams and my hopes are just where they have always been. Nothing has happened in spite of all that has occurred, which has destroyed one single dream or mutilated one solitary hope. I know, as surely as I know I am writing these words, that man will never be content and will never rest, until he has created a world far different than the world about us. Nothing can ever eradicate that from the human breast. There will always be, in every nation, and in every race and among every people, somewhere, though it may be but a tiny candle-flame,—there will be a light, and that light will illumine the dark places of this earth. All the darkness in the world cannot put out the light from one tiny candle. All the selfishness, all the greed, all the self-interest, all national ambitions, all these together are not powerful enough to destroy the hope within the human heart. The only issue is, how long will it be delayed? How long before this light will bloom out with a million million increased candle-power, and the question for each one of us to ask in the solemnity and seriousness of this present hour is, "What am I doing to keep the light aglow, to increase its radius and to spread abroad everywhere the virtue and the beauty of the light?"

I wish every person in these United States who has any influence at all, who has the power of the press, the power of radio, the power of the legislative hall, the power of the pulpit, the power of the classroom, the power of

the college and university—I wish with all my heart and with all my soul, that every person in this hour who has power to create and project public opinion, would ask themselves, as they have never asked it before, “How am I using this power?” “Am I using it to create hatred, misunderstanding, attack, criticism, condemnation, or am I using it to create better understanding, to eliminate falsehoods, kill rumors and promote enlightened thought?” Should one be reading these words who has this power, will you not re-think what you are doing with it? One sentence in the

play “The State of the Union,” stays with me. As Mary Mathews, the wife of the potential candidate for President, faces the group surrounding him at a dinner party, after all the prejudice and the intolerance and the appeal to class distinction, racial groups, territorial boundary lines, and all the accumulated self-interest, that stands in the way of peace, she, with a voice tremulous with deep emotion, stands and defiantly says to them: “You are all talking about the next war. Nobody seems to be thinking about the next generation!” P. B.

SALUTE TO CAPTAIN DONALD L. FAULKNER

(One of our Honor Roll Boys)

We are happy and proud to present transcripts of official awards that accompany Don Faulkner's two medals—the bronze and the silver stars. Don was in the thick of the Belgium Bulge Battles, and in keeping with his character, performed his job with brilliance and devotion. He was hospitalized after 33 days of constant front-line combat.

HEADQUARTERS
4th Infantry Division
Camp Butner, N. C.

AG 201—Faulkner, Donald L. (O)
Subject: Unexpurgated Citation to
Award of Bronze Star Medal.

To: Captain Donald L. Faulkner,
0319096, Infantry, 22nd Infantry.

CITATION:

“DONALD L. FAULKNER, 0319-096, Captain, Infantry, 22nd Infantry, for meritorious service in connection with military operations against an enemy of the United States in Luxembourg and Germany, 27 November

1944 to 25 December 1944.

Captain FAULKNER assumed command of his company in the midst of battle. Despite this handicap during his initiation into combat, Captain FAULKNER successfully took charge of his company and led his men in the accomplishment of their assigned missions.

The seizure of Grosshau, Germany, was accomplished by his company with expertly co-ordinated fires and aggressive action. Problems of supply, seriously aggravated by snow, rain, and an inadequate road net, were solved by the perseverance and determination of Captain FAULKNER. Captain FAULKNER'S courage, initiative, and selfless devotion to duty reflect great credit upon himself and the military service.”

BY COMMAND OF MAJOR
GENERAL BLAKELEY

FRANK C. CASTAGNETO,
Lieutenant Colonel, A. G. D.,
Adjutant General

WAR DEPARTMENT
The Adjutant General's Office
Washington 25, D. C.

14 January 1946

AGPD-R 201 Faulkner, Donald L.
(24 Dec. 45) 0319096

Subject: Decorations

To: Captain Donald L. Faulkner
2042 Fargo Avenue
Chicago, Illinois

1. By direction of the President, you have been awarded the *Silver Star*. The citation is as follows:

"For gallantry in action near Osweiler, Germany, 20 December 1944. Captain FAULKNER, commanding a rifle company, was ordered to clear a wooded ridge on which two German rifle companies were entrenched.

While crossing an open sector en route to his objective, he met intense

hostile fire. Captain FAULKNER called for neutralizing artillery positions. When the artillery fire lifted, he led an assault on the enemy positions. Thirteen of the enemy were killed, eight captured, and the remainder put to flight.

During a subsequent enemy counter-attack supported by intense artillery fire, his personal actions so inspired his depleted company that the counter-attack was repulsed. The good judgment, courage, and outstanding leadership displayed by Captain FAULKNER are in keeping with the finest traditions of the military service."

(Authority: GO No. 01, Hqs. 4th Inf. Div. dtd 13 Nov. 45 Capt.)

BY ORDER OF THE SECRETARY OF WAR:

Alvin Bechin,
Adjutant General.



BOOK CHATS

THE first time I ever saw William Allen White, the first citizen of Emporia, Kansas, was when I was in Emporia to give a commencement address for the high school graduation. I arrived in Emporia about noon. William Allen White was not as famous then as he is now, but I had heard of him, and he had then a national reputation as an editor. As I think of it now, perhaps the reason that I accepted the invitation to deliver the commencement address in Emporia was because of the possibility that I might meet William Allen White, for Emporia was, in those days before planes, a long way from Chicago.

I shall never forget, and I can recapture easily the thrill I had when

I first saw the little brick printing office, home of the Emporia Gazette and throne of William Allen White. Just as one opened the door, at the left was his rolltop desk, in a state of disorder such as I have never seen. His coat was hanging on a rack nearby, underneath his somewhat battered straw hat. His back was turned toward me, and he seemed to be buried in a mass of papers and letters and books. As he turned, the irresistible smile which always characterized him was on his face. From that moment until his death, I read everything he wrote, subscribed to his newspaper, and met him at every opportunity. The last time I saw him was here at the University of Chicago, in Mandel Hall, where he gave a brilliant lecture. We

were informed on arriving at Mandel Hall that evening, and it was not so very long ago, that he might not appear, for he was suffering with a very bad sore throat, and was on his way to the Mayo Hospital in Rochester, but he did appear and for an hour there fell from his lips such words of wisdom, of reminiscence, of philosophy, as I have seldom heard, and all tintured with a delightful humor. Now he is gone—and the book which I bring to your attention is his autobiography, a book which he left somewhat unfinished, and which, like his life, will never end.

William Allen White's father was a frontier doctor and storekeeper of Massachusetts origin, and his mother an Irish girl who worked her way through college, and then turned to teaching. In Civil War times his father was an anti-war, but also anti-slavery democrat, and the mother a fiery abolitionist republican. With this background William Allen White grew to the full stature of a great liberal and a great American. Both parents wanted him to have an education, and he went first to the college of Emporia, and then to the University of Kansas, but he did not graduate. His real education he received from the people he knew and the books he read. Before the summer of 1875 he sent three letters, one to an editor, one to a grocer and one to a dry goods merchant, asking for a summer job and it was the editor who replied first. At 22 he was a full fledged editor in Eldorado, on a salary of \$18 a week. Later he was writing editorials and a column for the Kansas City Journal. A year after that he became affiliated with The Star; and then three years later, when 27, he felt that he couldn't be happy as a hired man, so he was able to borrow most of the \$3,000 it took to purchase the Emporia Gazette. He land-

ed in Emporia with \$1.25 in cash, hired a hack to take him to the hotel, and announced that he intended to stay in Emporia until the new editor had become the old editor. In the whole field of American journalism there have not been four men who have influenced public opinion on national affairs, even though they might have been the heads of great metropolitan newspapers, comparable to the influence wielded by William Allen White. He first attracted national attention by his editorial "What's the Matter With Kansas?" It was written during the campaign for the presidency of William McKinley, and was and is one of the best known and most widely read editorials ever written in the history of American journalism. William Allen White knew and called as friends probably more famous and important people than certainly any man of his generation: William Jennings Bryan, Mark Twain, Theodore Roosevelt, Ida Tarbell, Ray Stannard Baker, Lincoln Steffens. One could go on and on. Those who know and love good literature and appreciate the distinctions of faultless diction, are agreed that William Allen White's tribute to his daughter Mary, who, you may recall, was the idol of Emporia and her parents and all who knew her, and was swept from the back of a horse by an overhanging tree and killed, and to whom, a few hours later her father wrote one of the most eloquent and beautiful and tender passages in the English language, will live as a classic. Those of us who have lived through the past fifty years as his contemporaries will love this book, and to the young who never knew what this age meant, the yonder-mindedness of William Allen White will be refreshing and sustaining to their own hopes and dreams for the future.

I wish every high school student in

America—every young person—could read the autobiography of William Allen White. It is more than a story of his life, more than an account of his childhood, youth and manhood, more than a series of brilliant descriptions of the famous men and women he knew. It is a human document of the hopes and ideals and fears which have characterized the heart of America for the past 50 years. It is your story and mine. During the years he became famous as the editor, novelist, essayist, philosopher and political sage, a confidant of presidents, as well known in New York and London and Chicago as in Emporia, but he always remained Will White from Emporia, Kansas. Standing in line with others upon whom was to be conferred a Doctor's degree by Columbia University, William Allen White turned to a gentleman who was by him and said: "I feel out of place here; I'm just a country editor from Kansas. My name is White." The other replied: "Well, I feel a little bit out of place, too. I'm just a country doctor from Rochester, Minnesota. My name is Charles Mayo." But we know it is the country that has sent the best out into the life of the nation, and one cannot read this book without increasing one's faith that the idealism and neighborliness and freedom of our country shall not be impaired, and that we shall help to create for our world the kind of happiness and freedom which we have learned to love. William Allen White answered by his life his own question: "Is there not somewhere in the stuff that holds humanity together, some force, some conservation of spiritual energy, that saves the core of every noble hope and gathers all men's visions someday, somewhere, into the reality of progress?"

* * *

I often wonder what perversity of fate will sometimes make a mediocre

book a best-seller and attract attention throughout the nation, while other and better books go unknown and unread. Nevertheless it is so. That is one of the reasons why I choose frequently, not only in these Book Chats with you, but in my Wednesday evening book lectures in the Peoples Church and on my book review broadcasts on Wednesday evenings on WGN, to call your attention to books that may not be very widely known, but books of sufficient merit and importance to warrant a large reading public. Such a book is the book I now choose. It is not one of the new books that sometimes make such a flash in the pan and then are forgotten, but it is one of the most interesting and vital books on the theme I have ever read. The book is entitled "The Ivy Years,"—"The Ivy Years," and is written by Earl Schenck Miers. The book was originally published in June, 1945. It is a full, rich, interesting story of college life in America, specifically college life with Rutgers University as a background. There have been many books published about college life. Some of them became best-sellers, but none of them that I recall approximate this book in importance, literary excellence or by the norm by which good books are appraised. At a time when thousands of our men from our military services are enrolling and entering colleges and universities up and down the land, I can think of no book which would be more acceptable to them than "The Ivy Years."

The author, Earl Schenck Miers, was graduated from Rutgers University with the degree of Bachelor of Letters in Journalism, and his life has been a very busy one, with all sorts of relationships which give him a philosophical outlook, without any of the stuffiness of the academic. It is as important and dynamic as this morning's

newspaper. He has been associated with university life in various capacities, but in addition has been editor for a publishing house, has written three novels, two books for younger readers and two books on the graphic arts, and has published over 200 short stories. While doing all this work, he has had time to develop those family ties which have deepened his understanding of the problems of life. He has a son, a daughter, a cocker spaniel, and, as he says, "a succession of black cats." His novel some of you may recall, which he called "Big Ben," was based on the youth of Paul Robeson, a novel by the way which is now in its third printing, and his "Valet in Arms" was an historical romance of the settling of Connecticut, which was published in this country in 1942 and will soon be available in England as well. In 1943 Rutgers University conferred upon him the honorary degree of Master of Arts. I tell you this little bit about him, so that you might know the background of the man who has written this delightful book.

He says of the book itself, that the Dean of men quickly discovers that in dealing with the undergraduate problems which fill every day on a university campus, the human equation comes first. The wonderfully rewarding part of an educator's work is the fact that sooner or later most boys see beyond the problems which beset their youth. Then they become like the lad who decided quite on his own to attend Sunday services in the chapel, despite the fact that he was 21 and free to do as he pleased, or the lad who all at once somehow awakened intellectually, or the lad who dreamed of college as a marine in combat in the Pacific area and now is having his dream fulfilled through the G. I. Bill of Rights. Education offers no more compelling challenge than the discov-

ery that its principal ingredient is not books or classes or educational theories, but simply undergraduates of all ages, with various backgrounds and varying degrees of intellectual preparation and receptivity, who take what they can from the educative process and give back to humanity through their ability to serve humanity, the fruits of the entire labor. No one can be more keenly aware of this truth than the Dean of men. If he is a competent Dean of men, he is closer to the real pulsebeat of education than any other individual on the campus. It is against such a background and understanding that our author wrote "The Ivy Years." This will indicate to you the scope of the book.

Many of the men now entering our colleges and universities under the G. I. Bill of Rights have been out of college and high school life long enough to have the habits of study and concentration broken. It will be a difficult task for most of them to get back again into the groove of college-university activity. This book is for them. As the author says, "no one can promise that the revelations which will come to the student during these Ivy Years will all be pleasant. No one can say that he will have a high heart or the firm purpose to complete the adventure, and no one can predict what fine triumphs will be won, or what sad heartbreaks sustained. There will be many who will try to help him, a few who will believe in him and perhaps some who will not. Here he will meet the great scholar and the occasional quack, and here he will have to learn how to distinguish between the one and the other. Here he will rub elbows with the man of genius and with the man sunk helplessly in the rut of mediocrity, and he will have to understand the great lessons that each can teach. Here he will walk with idealist and

cynic, and by both will he be influenced according to his own good sense and keenness of wit. The experience will be the same on every campus and in every land where a free system of education exists. The undergraduate, who understands so little about academic matters and likely wishes he knew less must, in the final analysis, receive the best benefit of the educative process. If you have talked to boys in college, if you have given them the chance to pour out their hearts and become their natural selves, you cannot but respect the fine promise of these boys. If you know the men who work on the campus, if you are close to the basic seriousness and healthy idealism that underlies good teaching, you cannot doubt that the campus is the right place for these boys to be." The book is wholly autobiographical; the build-

ings and the places are named as they exist, and the members of the faculty are presented by name. The element of fiction is, that the author has called himself Jeremy Baxter, and has disguised the real names of his college mates, feeling that the cause of honesty was better served in this manner. But as the author himself states, "there is very little fiction in the incidents related." If I could put a book into the hands of all of our undergraduates in the colleges and universities of America, it would be this book, a book which deserves much more extensive recognition than it has had, and if any little word of mine can arouse and awaken an interest, I shall feel grateful and fully compensated, for "The Ivy Years," by Earl Schenck Miers, is one of the best books about college life I have ever read.

P. B.



The *RADIO* MAIL BAG

By GRACE THAYER BRADLEY

"Arden Lodge"
Lake Vermilion, Minn.

Dear Friends:

Another Junetime—and again I have come home to our little Island! We feel that this is really home, and it is always delightful to return in the Spring, with the fresh green of the trees coming into leaf, birds building their nests, Spring flowers coming up, and all the dear familiar things that go to make it home! I am quite late getting here, later than I have ever been, on account of my long illness, and I came north just as soon as my doctor would consent to my leaving. I feel

that I have missed so much of the early beauty of the Spring, for the trees were all in full leaf and the wild cherries and Indian plums had bloomed along with many of the Spring flowers; but the lilacs were in their glory and iris just in bud. I was so happy to be here and to breathe this clear pine-scented air, my joy could find no words of expression, and I knew that daily I would gain strength,—and I have!

When I was a little girl I visited in the country one time with my Mother, and near our friends was a small humble home, weather-stained, knowing many seasons without paint, but

there was a rose bush in the yard as large as a good-sized lilac bush (I had never seen one as large) and bearing red roses so rich in color and sweet in perfume, one could scent them before being near enough to see them. The roses were rather flat, rosette-like, when fully open, but they were very lovely. They fascinated and delighted me, and I wished with all my childish longing that I might some day have such a bush. Some years later I was happy to find the same variety of rose growing at the home of a cousin whom I was visiting. She had brought it from a friend living in Canada, and told me it was called the "King George" rose. Content that at last I knew its name, I thought "When I have a home of my own I'll have 'King George' roses!" Long after that I married and we built our summer home here on the Island, and the very first summer I made a small flower garden, and have enlarged and improved and experimented every year since, and I have searched through catalogues with no success for my "King George" rose! One summer a man and his wife came to Lake Vermilion from the West and built a very fine home, the estate rambling over 220 acres. We met these people at a dinner and the wife talked to me about my garden which she said she had heard about, and asked my advice, as she wanted to have a garden. She knew nothing whatever about raising flowers or even their names but I believe she loved them. She ordered hundreds of plants from the best nurseries and proceeded to develop a spacious garden after her own dreams, with a fountain in the center, which hardly fitted into the setting of the North woods! The husband died shortly after the home was built, and four years ago she died very suddenly. The following summer, hearing the place was to be sold, we called

there to look it over before it changed hands. Strolling about the garden paths, sadly noting its neglect, everything going to seed and choked with weeds, where once such beautiful flowers bloomed so lavishly, I suddenly came to a large bush against a hedge, and there on one side were six or more exquisite red roses;—instantly memory flashed a picture of a little grayish low-roofed house with a gorgeous rose bush at its doorstep! Here they were—I could smell the roses I had never forgotten! Dr. Bradley was talking at a little distance with the caretaker. I almost ran to them and asked the man if I might have a "shoot" from that bush and he said, "Oh, sure; nobody ain't goin' to care." He brought me a spade and we dug out the "shoot" which we brought home carefully and planted in front of the house. For three summers it has grown leaves and even new shoots from the root, but no sign of buds until this year, just one bud, and we have watched it daily with hope and fear! This morning there was excitement in the garden! Dr. and Jim calling me to "come see!" I hurried out and there on the little bush was a beautiful red rose, fresh and sweet! At last—I have it—my childhood wish of long ago! But I could hardly believe my eyes. My husband cut it, saying we would not risk its being blown to pieces, this first lovely rose, as the sky looked stormy, and he gave it to me and said, "Put it in water where you can enjoy it." So I have it in a small glass vase on my dressing table, and I shall enjoy it till its last petal falls! Strange how some impressions of childhood remain through the years! No one I have asked has known its name. Most of them say, if it grows in their own yard or their grandmother's, "Oh, I don't know—we just call it 'the red rose bush'." I don't believe it was ever

known as the "King George" in the United States. What availeth a name? More poems and songs have been written about a rose than any other flower that grows. "A rose is a rose," and that is sufficient. May my bush grow and prosper!

My surprise rose has so filled my thought at the moment, I fear I've taken up too much space wanting to tell about it, and have left little room for letters. Forgive me.

* * *

The first letter I find very interesting, from a new and grateful American, Mrs. Marie Fiorillo, who writes: "Dear Sir: On listening to your broadcast recently when you said: 'Wake up America!' I was deeply touched with your warning. Who knows more than I do what Liberty means, for I came here from one of the persecuted nations of Europe. And when I passed by the symbolic torch of Miss Liberty, my heart was thrilled, though then I was not aware what freedom meant. But of years' reading of the history, I have learned to appreciate its true meaning, and I am so grateful for what America has offered to me: she has educated me in every way and given me an opportunity that I would never have had if I had remained abroad.

"So I am enclosing this poem entitled 'Wake Up America' for you, because through it you will see how I feel as one grateful American citizen, and I do hope that others, perhaps not in writing, but setting noble feeling in their heart to set the ball rolling for unity for all America. If this poem was read on the air, it might help some to visualize that one mind, one leadership among all shall attain the goal in peace, when America tries to have real understanding among all the races and nations. I am very sincerely, Mrs.

Marie O. Fiorillo." The poem is not great, but it holds a great and sincere thought. Here it is:

Wake Up America!

"Wake up, America, be a good friend
To those who now are asking aid,
That ONE WORLD tomorrow may
blend

A new radiance through that ageless
maid;

That maid whose noble hand holds
aloft

A torch against the tyranny of dark
force!

Wake up America! Through your birth
Which you have bought with heroes'
blood,

Let the faith of your fathers on earth
Build lasting peace, through love of
God:

This peace is clamoring in the air,
Calling to people lovingly, everywhere!

Wake up America! Fold to your heart
All the tongues across the border.
The world is waiting; do your part,
And set the broken homes in order.
Be a strength through that ray of light
Which has enriched you, by God's
might!"

Marie O. Fiorillo

* * *

A very kind and charming letter from one of our members comes next to my hand. Mrs. Mason was a member of the choir before her marriage. Her letter follows:

"Dear Dr. Bradley: Frank (my husband) and I are members of your church, but we very seldom have the pleasure of talking personally to you—therefore, we take this means of letting you know our reactions to your views, etc.

"Tonight's lecture was one we can term 'hitting the nail on the head.' Sometimes I feel so small when these

big problems of the world stare me in the face—by radio, newspapers and talk—but somehow, when I come from a lecture such as yours this evening, I feel like a big hand of courage is helping me overcome this feeling, and I'm ready to 'pitch' with every bit of strength I have—because America is a beautiful place to live: it offers so much for everyone within its borders. Why oh! why, can't this same privilege be extended everywhere?

"There certainly is a silver lining somewhere—and I'm thinking you are one of the main 'openers' for us to all see it come to pass.

"Keep your good work coming and may God bless you. Sincerely, Joan Mason."

Dr. Hanson, of Chicago, wrote this rather unique and interesting comment:

"My dear Dr. Bradley: I want to congratulate you on the excellent and timely message Sunday morning. You have the courage of Joshua, the diplomacy of Lloyd George, the punch of Jack Dempsey, and yet you are as mild as the breath of new-mown hay. May the Almighty continue to keep and protect you henceforth and forever more. Sincerely, Dr. A. A. Hanson."

And now we must close the Mail Bag. Happy summer days to you all! Do write.

AND—KEEP-ON-THE-BEAM!

DR. BRADLEY'S ENGAGEMENTS FOR MAY, 1946

- | | |
|---|--|
| 1—Radio Address. WGN
Address. Elks Club, Waukegan, Ill. | Edgewater Beach Hotel
Address. Kenwood-Hyde Park
Dental Soc., Sherry Hotel |
| 2—Radio Address. WGN
Cut records, WGN
Cut records, WJJD
Address. Internl. Harvester and Wisconsin Steel Works, Del Prado Hotel | 9—Radio Address. (E.T.)
Address. Conference of Club Presidents, Stevens Hotel.
Ballroom
Cut record, WGN
Address. Commencement High School, North Liberty, Ind. |
| 3—Radio Address. (E.T.)
Address. Congregational Church Charles City, Ia. Men's Club | 10—Radio Address. WGN
Address. Evanston Woman's Club, Georgian Hotel, Evanston, Ill.
Address. Sportsmen's Club
Lake Shore Club |
| 5—Morning Service. Peoples Church | 11—Address. Conference for Elim.
Restrictive Covenants. LaSalle Hotel
Address. Friends of Literature
Dinner, Civic Opera Bldg. |
| 6—Radio Address. WGN
Cut records, WJJD
Address. Preston Bradley Veterans Org. Ambassador East Hotel | 12—Morning Service. Peoples Church
Address. Warren Ave. Congregational Church |
| 7—Radio Address. WGN
Address. North Shore Mothers' Club, Wilmette, Ill. | 13—Radio Address. WGN
Com. Meeting and Board Meeting
Chicago Public Library |
| 8—Radio Address. WGN
Radio Address. Hymns of All Churches Program. ABC
Address. Woman's Club. Peoples Church | |

- Address. Silver Jubilee Anniv.
Kiwanis Club at Kishwaukee
Country Club, Sycamore, Ill.
- 14—Radio Address. WGN
Address. American Fed. of Labor,
Hotel Morrison
Address. Chgo. Chap. Natl. Soc.
Arts & Letters. Arts Club
Cut record. Bob Elson Program
Address. Federated Church,
Sycamore, Ill.
- 15—Radio Address. WGN
Address. Ill. Fed. Women's Clubs
Hotel Sherman
Radio Address. WGN
- 16—Luncheon Drake Hotel—Polish
Consul.
Cut records, WJJD
Radio Address, WGN
Address. Industrial Club Dinner
Elks Club, Milwaukee, Wis.
- 17—Radio Address. WGN
WGN Conf. Dr. Stokes
Address. Father and Sons Banquet
Peoples Church
Dinner to Herbert Hoover
- 19—Morning Service. Peoples Church
Address. Forest Home Cemetery
Memorial Service
"Your Right to Say It" Program
- 20—Address. Salvation Army Capital
Campaign. Joliet, Ill.
Radio Address. WGN
- Address. Preston Bradley Veter-
ans, Anderson Hall, Peoples
Church
- 21—Radio Address. WGN
Address. Kankakee Co. Medical
Soc., Kankakee Country Club,
Kankakee, Ill.
- 22—Radio Address. WGN
Address. Crystal Ball Room
Gary Hotel, Gary, Ind.
- 23—WGN to cut record
Radio Address. WGN
- 24—Radio Address. (E.T.)
Address. Commencement. Colum-
bia City, Ind.
- 26—Morning Service. Peoples Church
Address. Methodist Temple
Chicago, Ill.
- 27—Radio Address. WGN
Cut records. WGN
Address. Natl. Sanitary Supply
Assoc., Terrace Casino.
Morrison Hotel
- 29—Radio Address. WGN (E.T.)
Address. High School Commence-
ment, Linden, Mich.
- 30—Radio Address. WGN (E.T.)
Address. E. Chicago, Ind.
- 31—Radio Address. WGN (E.T.)
Commencement Address.
Buchanan Public Schools,
Buchanan, Mich.

CHRISTENINGS

- 12—Thomas Michael Rutter, son of
Mr. & Mrs. Harold Rutter
- 26—Barbara Lynne McElhinney,
daughter of Mr. & Mrs.
Richard McElhinney
- 26—Daniel Leroy Yokas and Donald
Alan Yokas, sons of Mr. & Mrs.
Wm. Yokas

FUNERALS

- 1—Mrs. Edith Gage
- 6—James Henry Dowser
Wm. A. Koss
- 7—Mrs. F. Schreiber
- 8—Annmode Faulkner
Helen Bluhm
- 9—Adelaide Luetlich
Ada May Lear
- 22—Cecelia Bergstedt
- 27—Paul W. Hance
Mrs. Anne Schleh
- 28—Mrs. Helen Sundstrom

WEDDINGS

- 4—Raymond Rauhut and
Jayne Simmons
11—John L. Smith and
Lucille Gutceit
William Brooks and
Margaret Van Eaton
Carl E. Goiens and
Florence Dahlberg
18—John Metz and

- Helen Dillon
Bryan G. Laser and
Ollie Graehling
25—E. J. Harms and
Maud Barker
Edw. H. Cadiss and
Vivian Scott Ellison
Donald Nay and
Ethel Ballas

☆
Liberty



☆

"ONE EVENING," says Ruskin, "I wanted to touch the tea-urn which was boiling merrily. It was my early taste for bronzes, I suppose; but I was resolute about it. My mother bade me keep my fingers back. I insisted on putting them forward. My nurse would have taken me away from the urn but my mother said, 'Let him touch it, nurse.' So I touched it—and that was my first lesson in the meaning of the word 'liberty.' It was the first piece of liberty I got and the last for which I asked for some time."

DR. BRADLEY

to Be Heard This Fall Over

**WLS and the American Broadcasting Company
Network Over 200 Stations**

Beginning Monday, September 16th, Dr. Bradley will be heard over the American Broadcasting System (200 radio stations throughout the country) on the "Hymns of All Churches Program" heard in Chicago over WLS at 10:30 every morning, Monday through Friday.

This summer, while in Europe, Dr. Bradley will give a broadcast over the British Broadcasting Company network for the United Kingdom and will be heard in three trans-Atlantic broadcasts for the ABC network, the dates of which are not yet available.

His nightly broadcast, Monday through Friday at 6 o'clock over WGN for the Evans Fur Company, will be resumed also on September 16th.



Dr. and Mrs. Bradley's Summer Address: Tower,
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WE can think of no finer gift for a friend, a relative or a neighbor, than one which will remind them of your love every month in the year.

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gleans from the heavy radio mail inspiring comments to pass on to readers.

If you desire to send this magazine to a friend and will send \$1.50 to Mrs. Thomas A. Harrison, Subscription Manager, Peoples Church, 941 Lawrence Avenue, we will send a Card announcing your gift. The magazine is now in its twenty-first year of publication, and goes all over the United States and to many foreign lands. Why not send your \$1.50 today? It will come regularly every month. No one connected with the publication receives any compensation and all funds above the cost of production go directly to the Treasury of the Peoples Church to help our financial problem. Please subscribe.

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"Casts of every legitimate play in town were represented, and in some cases, the entire company attended. Many in this audience became so interested that popular columnists wrote of our activities, as well as the drama and news sections of both major and local papers.

"Most valuable of all our publicity, no doubt were the announcements made each Sunday by Dr. Preston Bradley; and many thanks are due him for his generosity in opening his home for our studios before headquarters could be found after the fire. No words could express our gratitude to him for his support. Our thanks are also extended to the Peoples Church for opening their doors for many of our activities."

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 Adams, LeRoy
 Allen, Robert George, Ens.
 *Anderson, Frank
 Anderson, Harold
 Anderson, Norman P.
 Andrey, G.
 Arms, George F., Stf. Sgt.
 Arnopol, Richard Arthur
 Ball, Kenneth R.
 Bartlett, Tommy
 Baumann, Robert
 Berglund, William
 Berhalter, Howard
 Blue, Lloyd, Jr.
 Blue, Wayne P.
 Bluhm, Arthur
 Bluhm, Ben C.
 Bluhm, Herbert, Major
 Boaz, Charles
 Bower, Clyde F.
 Brosious, Donald W.
 Brosious, Edward P.
 Buchanan, James W., Sgt.
 Bunn, Robert R.
 Burkhard, Gordon Robert
 Byron, R. B.
 Cappelli, Mario, Jr., Lt.
 Carlsen, Howard
 Carlton, Rosalie M.
 Christ, Frank G.
 Code, James
 *Crane, Charles C.
 Cuzort, James T.
 Dahlstrom, Gordon R.
 DeWees, William Robert
 Droth, Betty
 DuMont, Harry
 Dwinell, Robert M.
 Eddy, George G., Jr.
 Edelhart, Marvin I.
 Eldred, Robert L., Lt.
 Elya, Verl
 Eronson, Frans
 Estal, Wendel, Cpl.
 Ettelson, David
 Etter, John T., Jr., Lt.
 Faulkner, Donald G., Cpt.
 Felch, George
 Fishman, Carl Leonard
 *Formanek, George, Jr., Lt.
 Fortuin, George J.
 Fulton, Robert Harry
 Fuss, Charles, Cpl.
 Fuss, June
 Freitag, George
 Freitag, John L.
 Garner, William C.
 Gau, William R.
 Gill, Robert E.
 Goetz, Fred H., Jr.
 Gray, Harry S.
 Gregg, Noel Dudley
 Gregg, Robert D.
 Haban, Andrew, Cpt.
 Hagen, John H.
 Hangel, Robert L.
 Hannum, Robert
 Hansen, Harold E.
 Hansen, Robert J.
 Harbert, Marvyn F.
 Harling, Robert, Sgt.
 Heg, Winslow
 *Killed in action.

Henderson, Tom
 Henderson, William
 Hendrich, John
 Henning, Anne E.
 Hobbs, William F., Sgt.
 Hoots, Harold W., Cpl.
 Hurley, Betty Best
 Hurley, William R., Sgt.
 Ingersoll, Harold
 Johannes, Henry C., Dr.
 Johansonn, Eileen
 Johnson, Lawrence
 Jones, Lincoln H.
 Kastner, Howard H.
 Kemper, Calvin C.
 Kiltz, Elwood E.
 Klingler, Lambert H.
 Klippel, Winifred
 Kokoefer, E.
 Kosner, James, Cpl.
 Kramer, Hans
 Kredler, Arthur J., Jr.
 Kredler, Stanley
 Kreutzer, Fred H., Lt.
 Kruskopf, George E.
 Langley, Philip
 Lantz, Huber C., Cpl.
 LaPointe, J. C.
 Larsen, Vincent William
 Lauletta, June Blair
 Lawson, Roy O., Sgt.
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 Lehnert, William A.
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 Maddox, Don, Cpl.
 Marsh, Carlton H., Lt.
 Mason, Frank J.
 McCord, Sarah Parks
 Merrick, Jay
 Merrill, Leslie
 Meyer, James H., Capt
 Meyer, Kurt
 Meyer, Robert H.
 Miles, Mark Alan
 Miller, Harold R.
 Miller, John M.
 Miller, Richard
 Miller, Richard B.
 Miller, Roger
 Molzahn, W. A.
 Moore, Florence M.
 Moran, Walter
 Mostek, Raymond
 Murphy, Robert J.
 Myers, William V., Sgt.
 Needham, Daniel Arthur
 Nelson, Harry G.
 Nelson, Howard C.
 Nonnenbruch, Edw. W., Cpt.
 Norris, Donald J.
 Novotny, Anton
 Oldenburg, Forrest A.
 Olson, Robert
 *Osterberg, Robert
 Paige, Charles
 Palmer, Earl
 Palo, Alfred C.
 Palo, Clarence W.
 Palo, Douglas L.
 Parlette, William H.
 Paschal, Edward
 Perfumo, Leo A.
 Pfaff, Henry, Jr.
 Philbrick, Betty

Phillips, James E.
 Phillips, Jim
 Plumley, Robert
 Plummer, Pauline M.,
 R.N., 2nd Lt.
 Poquette, Robert E.
 Post, Clee S., Sgt.
 Proud, Kurt, Lt.
 Quessnall, Arthur
 *Randall, Tabor Charles
 Replogle, Jacob Estes
 Riley, Lester G.
 Roof, James H.
 Rowley, L. C.
 Rowley, Yale W.
 Salamon, Rudolph E.
 Sauser, Martin
 Sauser, William
 Schneller, James, Sgt.
 Schnorr, Robert K.
 Scholler, Robert W., Ens.
 Schroeder, William
 Schulten, Marjorie, Lt.
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 *Schum, Walter Scott
 Shoberg, J. Bryant
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 Weinberg, Sidney
 Wendland, Robert John
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 Wentz, Howard, Cpl.
 Wesche, Charles, Jr.
 Wesche, Orville
 White, George A.
 *Widener, Virgil Drew
 Wiederer, Elmer Michael
 Wiggins, Robert H.
 Wilkins, E. J.
 Willeumier, Henry
 Willeumier, Mary
 Williams, Arthur J.
 Williamson, W. Ross
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 Wood, Robert, Jr.
 Wood, Thomas, Jr.
 Woods, Daniel Jack
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 York, Carroll D., Cpt.
 Yous, Donald, Cpt.

PEOPLES CHURCH ACTIVITIES

Lawrence at Sheridan

35th Season

- SUNDAY MORNING SERVICE** (Broadcast by WJJD)
 September 15th through June 15th.....11:00 to 12:30
 June 16th, 1946 through September 8th by transcription.....11:00 to 11:15
- CHURCH SCHOOL OF RELIGIOUS EDUCATION**—Anderson Hall
 September 15th through June 15th..... 9:30 a.m.
- SUNDAY EVENING SERVICE** (not broadcast)
 September 15th through Easter..... 7:30 p.m.
- WEDNESDAY EVENING BOOK LECTURES**—Every Wednesday evening
 November 6th through Wednesday of Holy Week..... 8:00 p.m.
- CHOIR REHEARSALS**—Every Thursday, Church Auditorium..... 7:30 p.m.
- VARIOUS CLUBS OF THE CHURCH**—Hold regular meetings.
 October through May:—
- WOMAN'S CLUB** (Meeting every two weeks in Anderson Hall)..... 1:00 p.m.
 Miss Mabel E. Byrnes, Cor. Sec., 1252 Glenlake Ave.,
 Chicago 40—Briargate 5308. Summer events on notice.
- PROFESSIONAL AND BUSINESS WOMAN'S CLUB**..... 8:00 p.m.
 (Meeting every first and third Monday in Anderson Hall).
 Miss Grace Rozanski, Cor. Sec., 1434 Thome Ave.,
 Chicago 40—Briargate 6914. Summer events on notice.
- MEN'S CLUB** (Meetings every fourth Monday in Anderson Hall).... 8:00 p.m.
 Earl S. Neindorf, Sec., 1517 School St., Lakeview 7267.
- USHERS' CLUB** (Meeting first Tuesday each month in Anderson Hall).
 Karl H. Lemke, Sec., 3536 N. Bosworth Ave., Bittersweet 3764.
- PRESTON BRADLEY VETERANS ORGANIZATION**..... 8:00 p.m.
 (Meeting every other Wednesday in Bradley Hall).
 Rosalie M. Carlton, Adj., 4528 N. Winchester Ave.,
 Edgewater 4285.
- PRESTON BRADLEY AUXILIARY, MARY BARTELME CLUB**.... 8:00 p.m.
 (Meeting on notice). Miss Mary Nordstrom, Sec.-Treas.,
 7737 W. Hortense (31)—Newcastle 7185.
- PARENT-TEACHERS FORUM OF THE CHURCH SCHOOL**..... 8:00 p.m.
 (Meeting second Monday of each month, Anderson Hall).
 Earl S. Neindorf, Pres., 1517 School St., Lakeview 7267.
- THE CHOIR**—(Meets every Thursday evening for practice; social
 meetings on notice).
 Henry D. Ferguson, Pres., 2617 W. Berwyn Ave. (25) Sun. 2582.
- THE UPTOWN PLAYERS**—J. Bradley-Griffin, Director;
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 1642 N. Clark St., Mic. 7766. Summer School now open.
 "Arsenic and Old Lace" opening in October at Eighth Street Theatre.

DR. BRADLEY'S RADIO SCHEDULE

- WJJD**—Sunday Morning Service (by electrical transcription during the summer months).....11 to 11:15 a.m.
 (Beginning September 15th, 35th Season).....11 to 12:30
- WLS** (on NBC network to 200 stations) beginning September 16th
 "Hymns of All Churches" Program.....10:30 a.m.
- WGN**—Beginning September 16th, Monday through Friday..... 6:00 p.m.

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